

Production No. BABF13

The Simpsons

"BART TO THE FUTURE"

Written by

Dan Greaney

Created by

Matt Groening

Developed by

James L. Brooks

Matt Groening

Sam Simon

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TABLE DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"BART TO THE FUTURE"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
PARK RANGER.....HANK AZARIA  
SECURITY GUARD.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
ARTHUR CRANDALL.....HANK AZARIA  
STAGE MANAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
CASINO MANAGER.....HANK AZARIA  
MINISTER.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
DELIVERY BOY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
HOLOGRAM NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
HECKLER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
HELEN THOMAS.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA  
AIDE #1.....HANK AZARIA  
AIDE #2.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
MOE.....HANK AZARIA  
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER

CARL.....HANK AZARIA  
SECURITY ADVISOR  
KEARNEY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
BART'S FRIENDS.....DAN/HARRY/NANCY  
OLD KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER  
GUARD.....KARL WIEDERGOTT  
FRENCH DELEGATE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
GERMAN DELEGATE.....HARRY SHEARER  
RUSSIAN DELEGATE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
CHINESE DELEGATE.....HANK AZARIA

BART TO THE FUTURE

by

Dan Greaney

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Simpsons drive through a wooded area. Lots of camping gear is strapped to their roof.

LISA (O.S.)

How much farther to the campground?

INT. SIMPSON CAR - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Judging from the bug build-up, we're getting close.

We see that a barrage of bugs is **PELTING** the windshield. Homer **FLIPS** on the wipers, **CLEARING** them away, but the windshield quickly "bugs over" again.

MARGE

I'm not sure mosquito season is the best time to visit Larva Lake...

The car comes to a roadblock. A PARK RANGER approaches them.

PARK RANGER

Folks, you're gonna want to turn around. (ASHAMED) The bugs are firmly in charge.

HOMER

What?

PARK RANGER

Please, just go! They've taken the  
Visitors' Center! They ate the comment  
book!

HOMER

(IMPATIENT) All right! Geez...

Homer does a U-turn and drives off. The ranger looks down  
at his hand, which is covered with a THICK SWARM OF  
INSECTS.

PARK RANGER

(SCREAMS)

He shakes his hand frantically, and the insects fly off.

PARK RANGER (CONT'D)

(NOTICING BARE FINGER) Hey, my class  
ring!

**INT. SIMPSON CAR - A MOMENT LATER**

Marge looks back at a SMALL CLOUD OF BUGS behind the car.

MARGE

(CHARMED) Aww. The little swarm is  
following us.

HOMER

Not for long.

Homer **SLAMS** on the brakes. We hear a giant **SPLAT** on the  
rear windshield.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Homer: one. Nature: zero.

LISA

(GROSSED OUT)    Dad, you just  
slaughtered thousands of innocent  
creatures.

HOMER

(SINCERE)    I'm sorry, honey.    You can  
hold a little funeral when I hose 'em  
off.

BART

(SPOTTING)    Hey, an Indian casino!

He points to a sign reading, "CAESAR'S POW-WOW -- NOW  
APPEARING: CARROT SCALP".

HOMER

Ooh, can we go, Marge?    It'll help put  
this bug tragedy behind us.

MARGE

Homer, you know I have a gambling  
problem.

HOMER

That's why I asked.    (PARKING CAR)

Lisa?

LISA

Something troubles me about Indian  
gaming.    On the one hand, the  
revenue...

HOMER

(FAINT AND FAR AWAY)    Sure we can't  
talk you into it?

We see that Homer and Bart are tiny dots at the other end of the parking lot.

**INT. INDIAN CASINO - A MOMENT LATER**

Homer walks inside, but an Indian SECURITY GUARD stops Bart.

SECURITY GUARD

No minors.

Homer kneels next to Bart.

HOMER

Sorry, son. We must respect the ways  
of the red man, even if they seem  
strange to us.

BART

But Dad...

HOMER

(HOLDS UP FINGER) Up-bup-bup.

He turns solemnly and Indian dance-walks through the crowded casino.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(A LA INDIAN CHANT) HI-HOW-ARE-YA, HI-  
HOW-ARE-YA, HI-HOW-ARE-YA.

**EXT. INDIAN CASINO - SIDE DOOR - A MINUTE LATER**

A bored Bart sits on a curb by the side of the casino. He turns and sees a truck labeled, "ARTHUR CRANDALL & GABBO -- WAS SEEN ON TV". (Beside this is a drawing of Arthur Crandall and Gabbo doing their ventriloquism act.) The back of the truck is open, with the dummy's case lying on it. ARTHUR CRANDALL is talking to a STAGE MANAGER at the stage door.

ARTHUR CRANDALL

The Great Gabbo demands a free night in  
the Presidential Suite while  
performing.

STAGE MANAGER

We'll give you a voucher for the pasta  
bar.

ARTHUR CRANDALL

Unlimited visits?

STAGE MANAGER

Okay, but Alfredo sauce extra.

ARTHUR CRANDALL

The Great Gabbo will be pleased to  
accept your terms.

Over the preceding, Bart sneaks up to the truck and opens  
the dummy case. We see GABBO has fallen on hard times --  
his jacket's torn, an eye is missing, etc. Bart quickly  
tosses Gabbo in a dumpster, and climbs in the case. Arthur  
Crandall picks up the case and carries it into the casino.  
From inside, we hear Bart quietly **CHUCKLE**.

ARTHUR CRANDALL (CONT'D)

Quiet, Gabbo.

**INT. INDIAN CASINO - LOUNGE - LATER**

PEOPLE drink and gamble with their backs to the stage as  
Crandall sits on a chair with his case in front of him.

ARTHUR CRANDALL

(RAPIDLY) So, how are you folks doing?  
Enjoying the pasta bar? How's the  
Alfredo sauce? (BITTERLY) Not like  
I'd know.



Unseen by Crandall, the case starts **SHAKING**.

ARTHUR CRANDALL (CONT'D)

But you didn't come to see me. You  
came to see...

He opens the case, and a claustrophobic Bart springs out,  
**GASPING** for breath.

ARTHUR CRANDALL (CONT'D)

(OVERJOYED) Gabbo! You've become a  
real boy!

BART

Yeah, and I'm tired of your hand up my  
butt. See ya.

Bart turns to run off the stage and bumps into TWO CASINO  
GUARDS.

BART (CONT'D)

(POINTING AT CRANDALL) There's your  
kidnapper, boys. Good work.

They grab Bart by the collar and pull him away.

#### CASINO MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

The guard leads Bart into a fancy office, decorated with  
Native American touches. (Buffalo skins on the walls  
depict people gambling. A Totem Pole features Frank  
Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis Jr.) The CASINO  
MANAGER is seated on a couch in front of a circular  
fireplace, talking on the phone. (He wears a fringe  
jacket, bolo tie and has long, straight black hair.)

CASINO MANAGER

I don't care if it is Joan Rivers,  
nobody steals our ceiling fans!

As the casino manager hangs up, he motions for Bart to sit  
on a couch on the opposite side of the fireplace.

CASINO MANAGER (CONT'D)

So, you like to sneak into casinos.

BART

(NERVOUS) We're both busy men. How's about we file this under "We gave the boy a scare and I think he learned his lesson"?

Bart starts to get up. The Casino Manager stands and puts his hand on Bart's shoulder.

CASINO MANAGER

Listen to me. Unless you change your deceitful ways, I foresee a life of bitterness and failure... Bart Simpson.

BART

(AMAZED) How'd you know my name?

CASINO MANAGER

Your father just took out a second mortgage downstairs. You're listed as collateral.

BART

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. I thought maybe you were some kind of Indian mystic who can tell the future.

CASINO MANAGER

(SPOOKY) Who says I'm not?

Suddenly, the lights dim in the room, and the fire **FLARES** up.

**MUSIC: GHOSTLY INDIAN CHANT**

CASINO MANAGER (CONT'D)

(SPOOKY) If you want to see your  
future, throw a treasured personal item  
into the fire.

Bart tosses something from his pocket into the fire, and it  
**EXPLODES.**

CASINO MANAGER (CONT'D)

Not a firecracker!

BART

I bought them from some guy on your  
reservation.

CASINO MANAGER

That's crazy talk.

BART

No, it's true.

CASINO MANAGER

I know, that's my brother, Crazy Talk.

We're all a little worried about him.

(SPOOKY) Now, look into the flame.

He sprinkles some powder into the fire. We can see the  
flames flickering in Bart's eyes.

CASINO MANAGER (CONT'D)

More to the right. My right, not  
yours. I see a church...

**INT. CHURCH - DAY - THE FUTURE**

A clean-cut Bart, in his mid-thirties, stands at the altar  
with his BRIDE-TO-BE.

MINISTER

By the power vested in me by the state  
of Mexico, I pronounce you husband and  
wife.

PULL BACK to reveal that the wedding is on screen and we  
are:

INT. BEACH BUNGALOW - DAY

A 40ish Bart is watching the wedding on videotape. The  
label on the tape box reads "Bart's Fourth Marriage."

BART

I can't believe she swiped my good  
flip-flops when she split.

He **CLICKS** a remote. The tape **SPOOLS OUT** of the machine.

BART (CONT'D)

Way to make a VCR, Sony.

He drains his beer and stands up from a threadbare couch.  
He looks like a seedy, over-the-hill surfer: rat-tail  
haircut, Ray Bans on a Croakie, Hawaiian shirt. The  
apartment is barely furnished. There is a large fake  
parrot on a perch in one corner.

RALPH (O.S.)

Hi, Bart!

RALPH WIGGUM enters. Ralph looks pretty much the same, but  
now he is taller than Bart. He wears a cruise ship  
uniform.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I accidentally mixed tequila and silver  
polish at work and they let me keep it!

He holds up a half-empty bottle. They high-five.

BART

Major mooch! Blend it up, and we've  
got a silver surfer!

He opens a mini refrigerator and twists a small ice tray  
over the blender. A thin layer of ice falls off and water  
pours out.

BART (CONT'D)

Dude, I've told you: no milk in the  
fridge. This thing can only make so  
much coldness.

RALPH

It's my refrigerator.

BART

It's okay, Ralph. I'm not mad. Salt?

Ralph nods. Bart picks up a salt shaker and shakes it.  
Nothing comes out.

BART (CONT'D)

Somebody killed it. That was my salt,  
dude. I took it from my mom's house.

RALPH

Then it wasn't really yours.

BART

Stuff that I snag from my family counts  
as mine.

RALPH

Well, I pay the rent and your alimony.

BART

Until my lawsuit pays off.

RALPH

Which one?

Bart walks over to a dry-erase board listing his numerous outstanding lawsuits. There are two columns labeled: "ASKING" and "WILL ACCEPT".

BART

Well, that spider bite is money in the bank. (SCANS LIST) The moped company is stalling, but, wait till I get my knee in front of a jury. (POINTS TO KNEE) No, wait, it's this one.

Ralph looks at the chalkboard.

RALPH

Are you really suing the Post Office because a stamp tasted funny?

BART

You want in? I still have the stamp.

There's a **KNOCK** on the door. Bart answers. An old Western Union-style DELIVERY BOY is there.

DELIVERY BOY

(SQUEAKY-VOICED TEEN) Hologram for

Bart Simpson.

He holds out his hand. A hologram of 40ish NELSON MUNTZ appears on it.

HOLOGRAM NELSON

Hey, dingus, Boyz II Old Men canceled, so your band can play at my club tonight. Smell ya later.

RALPH

I can't believe "smell ya later"  
replaced "goodbye."

DELIVERY BOY

Smell ya later.

BART/RALPH

(PERFUNCTORY) Smell ya later.

The delivery boy leaves.

BART

All right! Parrotmania's got its first  
gig! (THEN) Oh, crap -- we gotta get  
the amp out of hock!

RALPH

You had to have a boogie board.

BART

Eh, my parents'll give me some money.  
They're in too deep to quit.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE OF THE FUTURE - DAY**

Homer stands next to an extremely small CD player with  
normal-sized speakers. He is trying to put in an  
incredibly tiny CD that he holds with a pair of tweezers.

HOMER

Stupid Micro-CD. Why do they have to  
make them so small?

Bart and Ralph enter.

BART

Hey, Dad.

HOMER

You made me drop it. (WAILING) Oh,  
what a bleak, horrible future we live  
in!

BART

Don't you mean the present?

HOMER

Right, right, present. Anyway, can I  
get you some Soylent Green?

RALPH

Isn't that made of people?

HOMER

(TIRED OF THIS DISCUSSION) Oh, here we  
go.

BART

Hey, Dad. How about a little loanski?

HOMER

No, I know that trick where you put  
"ski" on the end of things. You just  
want money. (SHAKES HEAD) Why can't  
you be more like Lisa?

BART

Oh, I see. Lisa's a big success and  
I'm just a loser. Well, the only way  
you can win my love is by giving me  
money. (HOPEFUL) A little cashski?



HOMER

(REACHING FOR WALLET) Well, I don't  
see why... Hey!

Homer **SNAPS** his wallet closed and puts it back in his pocket.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD HEIGHTS - A NICE-LOOKING HOUSE - LATER**

Bart and Ralph stand at the door. Bart sizes up the house.

BART

Don't worry. Milhouse is loaded.  
He'll help us out.

MILHOUSE answers the door. He's blind (with dark glasses and cane).

RALPH

Milhouse, I didn't know you were  
blind-a-ded.

MILHOUSE

Yeah, I never should've had that trendy  
laser eye surgery. It was great at  
first, but at the ten year mark,  
everyone's eyes fell out.

BART

Listen, Milhouse...

MILHOUSE

Oh, hi Bart. How much this time?

He takes out his wallet.

BART

Dude, you've got me all wrong...

MILHOUSE

Just answer me this: Are you holding  
your borrowing sack?

We see Bart has an empty sack with a dollar sign on it.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

What happened to the money I gave you  
for that ultimate frisbee team?

BART

Extreme hackysack muscled us out. But  
we have a great lawsuit.

Milhouse shuts his wallet.

MILHOUSE

Bart, you're never going to grow up if  
I keep bailing you out.

BART

What happened to you Milhouse? You  
used to be cool.

MILHOUSE

I'm not falling for that again, Bart.

BART

You've changed, man.

MILHOUSE

(DEFENSIVE) I have not!

BART

Then please, help me help myself. To  
whom much has been given, much is  
expected. By me.

MILHOUSE

(CAVING) All right. But only because Lisa's my boss, and some day I'm going to marry her.

BART

And some day I'm going to pay you back.

MILHOUSE

I can hear you winking, Bart.

**EXT. NELSON'S CRAB-SHACK - THAT EVENING**

The chalkboard easel in front reads, "CAP'N BART AND THE FLIP-FLOPS".

**INT. NELSON'S CRAB-SHACK - LATER**

Bart stands with a guitar in front of a mostly empty room. The fake parrot is onstage with him.

BART

We'd like to play a Jimmy Buffet song, but he un-coolly charges people to cover them. So here's a Cap'n Bart original. (SINGS) Wastin' away again in Daquiritaville...

HECKLER

Rip-off!

The crowd **MURMURS** in agreement.

BART

(TO RALPH) Let's go to the saver.

(SINGS, PEPPY) I've got Parrot fever! / You've got Parrot fever! / Polly bust a move now!...

Ralph waggles the perch, so the parrot appears to be dancing. The parrot **FALLS OFF**, decapitating it. The crowd **BOOS**.

BART (CONT'D)

Way to go, Ralph. You ruined the show!

RALPH

(HURT) Jimmy Buffet never yells at his  
parrot guy.

Ralph runs off. Bart looks stunned.

BART

Okay, we're gonna slow it way down,  
now. In fact, we're gonna stop.

The parrot head **HITS** Bart from o.s.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREETS - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A despondent Bart sits on a curb holding his captain's hat.

BART

Begging from Milhouse, bullying  
Ralph... Daquiritaville is just a laid-  
back name for Loser Town.

He takes out a futuristic-looking gun.

BART (CONT'D)

There's only one thing that can end the  
pain:

He points the gun at his head.

BART (CONT'D)

The magic of BrainVision!

Bart pulls the trigger and a beam "projects" into the side  
of his head.

**BART'S POV/BRAINVISION - CONTINUOUS**

A holographic KENT BROCKMAN sits at a desk. A mortise over his shoulder says "Decision 2028".

KENT BROCKMAN

From around the globe, to your frontal  
lobe, it's BrainVision News. Today  
America elected its forty-seventh  
president, Lisa Simpson.

We see an adult Lisa in front of a giant poster of herself,  
waving to a CROWD.

**BACK TO SCENE**

BART

(EXTREMELY BIG)    Wha?!!

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

**PRESENT DAY BART**

He looks skeptically at the **BURNING** logs.

BART

Wait a minute. My sister's gonna be  
president? What's that fire smoking?

CASINO MANAGER

The fire is never wrong. Except with  
its Oscar picks. (TO FIRE) "Rush  
Hour"? What were you thinking?

The fire "shrugs" apologetically.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**INT. INDIAN CASINO - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bart and the Casino Manager sit, gazing into the fire.

BART

You're supposed to be showing my  
future, not some puff piece on Lisa.

CASINO MANAGER

You should not be surprised that Lisa  
is President. She has always been a  
hard worker.

BART

Big deal. I could work hard, too, if I  
felt like it.

The fire makes a **LOUD CRACKLE**.

CASINO MANAGER

The fire grows impatient. (TO FIRE)  
Please go on.

In the fire, a scene starts to appear...

**INT. BART'S BUNGALOW - DAY**

Bart is packing his clothes into a plastic cooler.

RALPH

You're going to Washington?

BART

I have to, Ralph. Lisa needs my help.

RALPH

For what?

BART

For everything. To keep it real, to  
mellow her harshes, provide the tune-  
age...

RALPH

I bet the White House is mooch central!

BART

(FIRMLY) This isn't about scamming.

RALPH

Then why are you taking your borrowing  
sack?

BART

Hey, if some apples fall off the tree,  
I'm not gonna leave 'em there.

Bart hefts the cooler and his boombox, lowers his Ray Bans  
and exits.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY**

Lisa addresses a group of REPORTERS.

LISA

(ANSWERING QUESTION) Yes, I am proud  
to be America's first straight female  
President. (POINTS) Helen?

We see a very, very old HELEN THOMAS.

HELEN THOMAS

Wasn't I wearing a hat?

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - GUARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bart approaches the gate. He is wearing shorts and a t-  
shirt and carrying his cooler, boombox, and folding beach  
chair. An older CHIEF WIGGUM steps in front of him.

BART

Yo, bro. I'm the President's brother,  
Bart.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(CHECKING CLIPBOARD) Sorry, Bart.  
You're not on the list.

BART

What?! I'm gonna kill her.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Well, you're not gonna use this  
entrance to do it. (THEN) The public  
entrance is over there.

Bart quickly joins a TOUR GROUP entering a nearby gate.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - LATER**

Lisa is at her desk, meeting with her staff. In the  
background, a chart (on an easel) shows a jagged,  
descending red line.

LISA

The country is broke? How can that be?

AIDE #1

Remember when the last administration  
decided to invest in our nation's  
children? Big mistake.

AIDE #2

The Balanced Breakfast Program just  
created a generation of ultra-strong  
super-criminals.



AIDE #1

And Midnight Basketball taught them to  
function without sleep. (SHUDDERS)

LISA

But what about my pledge to create 1000  
new departments? Can't we borrow some  
money?

AIDE #1

We already borrowed from every country  
in the world to bail out Microsoft.

AIDE #2

And they're all screaming for their  
money.

The phone **RINGS**.

AIDE #2 (CONT'D)

Let the machine get it.

Bart runs in.

BART

Quick, Lisa! Call off your...

Two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS **TACKLE** Bart, pinning him to the  
ground and twisting his arm behind his back.

LISA

(SURPRISED) Bart!

BART

(TO GUARDS) Ow! Dude, my ponytail!

LISA

(TO AGENTS) Let him up, please.

The agents release Bart and exit.

LISA (CONT'D)

Bart, what are you doing here?

BART

I'm here to help. I figured we could  
be co-Presidents.

LISA

Co-Presidents? Are you crazy?

BART

(CALLING) Mo-om, Lisa won't share.

Marge enters, carrying a laundry basket with the  
Presidential Seal on it.

MARGE

Be nice to your brother, Lisa.

LISA

All right, he can stay. (IN BART'S  
FACE) But no governing!

BART

Sweet. Could someone help me drag my  
futon to the Lincoln Bedroom?

LISA

(FACE IN HANDS, EXASPERATED SOUND)

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER**

Homer, Marge and Bart are at the table. The chair at the  
head of the table is empty.

HOMER

(EATING SOUNDS) Say what you want  
about this place, they make a great  
three-bean salad.

MARGE

Don't you think we should wait for  
Lisa? She's the President, after all.

HOMER

She knows what time dinner is.

Lisa enters, followed by an EIGHT-MAN MARINE BAND.

**MUSIC: "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"**

Homer, Marge and Bart jump to their feet. Homer holds his  
plate and continues to eat.

LISA

Sorry I'm late. I've been racking my  
brain, trying to think of something to  
cut from the budget.

The band members exit quickly, **WHISTLING**.

MARGE

Don't worry, honey. You'll solve the  
country's problems. After all,  
everyone is counting on you.

LISA

Thanks, Mom.

Lisa joins the family and they **SHOVEL FOOD** into their  
faces, traditional Simpson style.

MARGE

So, what did everyone do today?

LISA

Appointed a Supreme Court Justice.

BART

"Bewitched" marathon.

HOMER

Searched for Lincoln's gold.

LISA

Dad, that's just a myth. Lincoln  
didn't hide any gold in the White  
House.

HOMER

(AS IF TO A CHILD)    Then what is his  
ghost protecting?

Bart enters from the kitchen, carrying a platter.

BART

Who wants cake?

He grabs a hunk of it, and takes a bite.    (The cake is  
frosted with a Union Jack.)

LISA

Bart, that cake is for the English  
Prime Minister!

BART

(SHRUGS)    There's popsicles in the  
fridge.

We hear a **COPTER** landing outside.    Lisa goes to the window.

LISA

(PUZZLED)    Hey, that's my helicopter!

BART

Yeah, I sent it to pick up Ralph.    No  
one was using it.

ANGLE ON the White House lawn.    Ralph steps jauntily off  
the **HELICOPTER** and waves, à la Dick Nixon.

LISA

Bart, you do not send a billion-dollar  
helicopter to pick up your drinking  
buddy.

BART

(DEFENSIVE)    Okay, chill!    You've  
changed, Lisa.    You used to be cool.

LISA

No, I didn't.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY**

Bart and Ralph sunbathe on lounge chairs.    **CALYPSO MUSIC  
PLAYS** on Bart's boombox.    Bart rubs some sunblock on his  
nose.

BART

(OFFERING TO RALPH)    Zinc oxide?    I got  
it free from the Surgeon General.

BART/RALPH

(HIGH-FIVE)    Major mooch!

The music stops.    Tape **SPOOLS OUT** of the boombox.

BART

(SIGH)    Way to make tape, TDK.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa is greeting a delegation of **BLACK ATHLETES**.

LISA

I am proud to honor the players of the Negro Leagues of Rollerball. And as we strive for the desegregation of all deathsports, we cannot help but be inspired by...

BART (O.S.)

(CALLING) Heads!

A frisbee **BONKS** her in the head. The frisbee **HITS** the ground, and several SECRET SERVICE AGENTS **BLAST AWAY** at it with their guns. Bart runs over and picks it up.

BART

Hey, you guys owe me a frisbee. A new one.

LISA

(GRITTED TEETH) Bart, get out of here!

BART

Relax, Lis. You'll live longer.

LISA

I can't relax! Being president is hard work. (POINTED) Maybe if you tried working you could actually make something of yourself. Did you even call that bicycle messenger place?

BART

Yeah, but they said I wouldn't get my first check for two weeks! Meanwhile, they're making major interest on my salary. (THINKS) Maybe I should take it just to sue 'em.

LISA

(SIGHS) I've gotta go run the country.  
Here's your frisbee.

Lisa shakes her head and walks away. Bart reacts hurt.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Homer and Marge walk down a hallway. Homer has a pickaxe and is wearing a stovepipe hat.

HOMER

(COUNTING STEPS) That's four score and five... four score and six... four score and seven paces.

Homer stops and **SWINGS** the pickaxe into the floorboards.

MARGE

Wait! How do you know this is where Lincoln buried the gold? You just started counting from an arbitrary place.

HOMER

I started what from a what?

MARGE

Your plan makes no sense.

HOMER

Gold bars discovered by Marge?    Zero.

Gold bars discovered by Homer?    Well,

let's just see...

He **SWINGS** the pickaxe into the floor again, creating a large hole.    We can see Lisa on the phone in the Oval Office below.

HOMER

Oops, sorry, honey.

MARGE

Gold bars discovered by Homer?

HOMER

Shut up.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

The office is set up for filming, with cameras, lights and crew.    Lisa sits at her desk, reviewing a draft speech.

LISA

The speech is great, Milhouse.    Just one thing:    I don't want to call it a "Giant Emergency Tax."

MILHOUSE

What about a "Colossal Salary Grab"?

LISA

See, that has the same problem.    We need to soften the blow.



MILHOUSE

Well, if you just want to out-and-out  
lie... (LISA DOESN'T REACT) Okay, we  
could call it a "Temporary Refund  
Adjustment."

LISA

I love it!

MILHOUSE

Really? (HOPEFULLY) What else do you  
love?

LISA

Fiscal solvency.

MILHOUSE

(SADLY) Me too.

A STAGE MANAGER (wearing a headset) pops his head in the  
door.

STAGE MANAGER

Thirty seconds, Madam President.

Bart pushes his way past the stage manager.

BART

Hey, Lis. I need a favor.

LISA

Not now, Bart. I'm about to speak to a  
hundred million people. This speech  
could make or break my presidency.

BART

I hear ya. And all I want you to do is  
play my demo tape in the background  
while you're yakkin' about whatever.

He puts his boombox on her desk.

BART (CONT'D)

Now, this "PLAY" button's a little  
screwed up, so you gotta hold it down.

LISA

Are you insane?

BART

But you told me I should do something  
with my life. (ADDING) And if I did,  
you'd promote it.

STAGE MANAGER

Five seconds!

She **SHOVES** the boombox off her desk. It hits the floor  
with a **CRASH**.

BART

(CALLING) Mom!

The stage manager cues Lisa.

LISA

(CLEARS THROAT) My fellow Americans,  
and voting illegal aliens: I will not  
mince words. Your country needs you.  
That's why today I am proposing a  
Temporary Refund Adjustment.

**INT. MOE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS**

MOE, LENNY and CARL are watching the speech on TV.

MOE

Temporary Refund Adjustment?    Sounds  
good to me.

LENNY

Yeah, a refund sure beats a tax!

CARL

(RAISING BEER)    We love you, President  
Simpson.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa continues her speech.

LISA

The months ahead will be long and  
arduous.    But it is only through  
arduousity that we...

Bart strolls into frame, **STRUMMING** his **GUITAR**.

BART

(SINGING TO TUNE OF "THE PIÑA COLADA  
SONG")    IF YOU LIKE REFUND ADJUSTMENTS  
/ AND THE MUSIC I PLAY / SEND A CHECK  
TO MY FRIEND RALPH / AND HE'LL MAIL YOU  
A TAPE...

LISA

(FORCED CHUCKLE, VAMPING) Uh, this is my brother Bart, who's using music to make a point. Because in a way, America is your friend Ralph.

(TIGHTLY) Isn't that right, Bart?

BART

Oh, totally. And when you're done talking about your big tax hike, can I sing another song?

INT. MOE'S - CONTINUOUS

MOE

Tax hike?! Hold the phone, Mabel!

CARL

You know, I never trusted her.

LENNY

Don't blame me. I voted for Chastity Bono.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bart is singing.

BART

(SINGING TO TUNE OF "BANANA BOAT SONG")

DAYLIGHT COME AND YOU WANT-A MY TAPE.

Ralph pops his head into frame.

RALPH

TAPE! HE SAY TA-APE-O.

BART

POST OFFICE BOX 3-0-4-5-2...

LISA

(DEFEATED)    Goodnight, America.

The stage manager signals that they're off the air.

LISA (CONT'D)

(CALLING)    Mo-om!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

We see the holographic Kent Brockman doing the news.

KENT BROCKMAN

And according to polls, Americans have  
emphatically said "smell ya later" to  
President Simpson's "refund  
adjustment". And that's the news.  
Smell ya later.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CABINET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa and her staff sit around a conference table. They are  
all holding Brain-Vision guns to their heads.

AIDE #1

Did you all see what I just saw?

Everyone lowers their guns and nods grimly.

LISA

Thanks, Bart. Now what's going to  
happen?

AIDE #2

America's creditors will foreclose.

LISA

How do you foreclose on a country?

AIDE #2

Foreclose, invade. Call it what you  
will.

LISA

(SIGHS) We're going to have to call an economic summit meeting. But I don't want Bart screwing this up.

SECURITY ADVISOR KEARNEY steps forward wearing a Secret Service-style suit.

SECURITY ADVISOR KEARNEY

You want him... eliminated?

LISA

No, just keep him out of my hair.

SECURITY ADVISOR KEARNEY

Out of your hair with extreme severity?

LISA

No!

SECURITY ADVISOR KEARNEY

C'mon. Every President gets three secret murders. If you don't use them by the end of the term, they're gone.

Just then, Bart **BURSTS** in.

BART

All right, which one of you suits ran over my moped? (BITTER) I just put a dollar's worth of gas in that thing.

LISA

Bart, we're having a meeting.

BART

You had a meeting this morning.

LISA

I have a lot of meetings. I'm the  
President.

BART

Of what? The United States of  
Uncoolness?

Bart tries to high-five the stern-looking CHAIRMAN OF THE  
FEDERAL RESERVE, who just stares at him.

BART (CONT'D)

Don't leave me hanging, Greenspan.

Behind him, Kearney holds up a syringe for Lisa to see.  
Lisa shakes her head and holds up her hand in a "leave it  
to me" gesture.

LISA

(COYLY) You know something, Bart?  
You're right. My lack of coolness is  
really holding America back.

BART

Thank you. Down low.

He tries for a low-five from Lisa. She rolls her eyes then  
half-heartedly tries to return the low-five.

BART (CONT'D)

Too slow!

Bart yanks his own hand back and slicks his hair coolly.

LISA

(FORCED LAUGH) You're too much, Bart.  
That's why I'm appointing you  
"Secretary Of Keeping It Real."



BART

(WARY) When does that start payin'?

LISA

(STAGEY) Oh, right away. And your first assignment is to go to Camp David and write a long, time-consuming report that'll turn this nerd into one cool bird.

BART

Well, you obviously need my help, but I'm not much for writing. I lose every pen I get. I thought about putting 'em on neck-strings like Croakies -- get Tiger Woods to wear one at the Masters, make a mint. But somebody stole my idea.

LISA

(SELLING) Bart, this is your chance to really do something with your life. America needs you. (BITES LOWER LIP) I need you. What do you say?

BART

(MOVED) Alright, Lis. You can count on me... (TURNS TO LEAVE) Oh, before I go to "Camp David", I'll need a new sleeping bag. I can't get my old one to dry.

He points out the window. A Presidential helicopter has a sleeping bag hung on one of its blades, which spin slowly.

**EXT. CAMP DAVID - GATE - ESTABLISHING**

A sign reads "CAMP DAVID: FREE HOTLINE IN EVERY ROOM".

**INT. CAMP DAVID - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Bart addresses a group of his BUDDIES (Ralph, Nelson, white-haired Otto in headphones, the grown-up OCTUPLETS, all dressed like Apu, and a number of Bart-style over-the-hill COOL DUDES in flip-flops, Ray Bans, sweatpants, etc.)

**BART'S FRIENDS**

Par-ty! Par-ty!

**BART**

Settle down. I invited you guys here to help me with this report. Any ideas?

**OLD KRUSTY**

I say win 'em over with comedy. I got one!

His Dolores Hope-style wife hands him an enormous cue-card which he squints to read off.

**OLD KRUSTY (CONT'D)**

What's the difference between Pakistan and a pancake? I don't know any pancakes that were nuked by India.  
(LOOKS AROUND) What? Too soon?

**BART**

C'mon, people. We've got to buckle down here.

Bart writes "Ideas" on a dry erase board. Underneath, he writes the number "1". After a beat, he circles the number "1". After another beat, he underlines "Ideas". We hear the faint sound of a **BIRD** outside.

BART (CONT'D)

Is that crow bothering you guys as much  
as it is me?

BART'S FRIENDS

Oh, yeah. / Driving me crazy. / Can't  
think.

BART

I'd better go into town and get some  
crow poison. Everybody chip in two  
bucks.

They hand Bart some money.

OTTO

Get a receipt.

**EXT. CAMP DAVID - GATE - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart and Ralph ride up to the gate on mountain bikes.  
Wiggum comes out holding a large, futuristic gun.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Halt or I'll shoot! Not you, Ralphie.

BART

You wouldn't dare. I'm the President's  
brother.

CHIEF WIGGUM

The Secret Service has been offing  
rowdy presidential brothers since Moose  
Washington. And my orders are to keep  
you here until after the economic  
summit.

BART

What? (REALIZING) Lisa's trying to  
keep me away from that meeting!

CHIEF WIGGUM

(TOO BIG) Noo!!

BART

I'm gonna pound her!

RALPH

Can't you please let us out, Daddy?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Sorry, Ralph, I got my... ah, go ahead.  
I work for Russia anyway. (QUICKLY)  
Don't tell your mother.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - LATER**

Bart and Ralph bike past the Indian casino.

BART

(POINTING) That Indian casino looks  
familiar.

RALPH

It's a fun-tastic place for the whole  
family! And you can bet on it!

**INT. CASINO MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

BART

You put an ad in my vision?!

CASINO MANAGER

That was Crazy Talk's idea. I'm on  
fence.

They stare back into the fire.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - LATER**

The lawn is pitted with holes. Marge lies on a hammock as  
Homer **STRUGGLES** to pull an old, oaken chest from the  
ground.

HOMER

(EXCITED) Marge, I did it! I found  
Lincoln's gold!

Homer opens the chest and sees only an aged parchment.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Huh?

Marge pulls out the parchment and starts reading it.

MARGE

"Dear Countryman: You have come in  
search of my gold, and I will not  
disappoint you."

HOMER

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy...

MARGE

(CONTINUING) "My gold is in the heart  
of every freedom-loving American. It's  
in our mighty rivers, our majestic..."  
Isn't that clever? It's a metaphor.

HOMER

(FURIOUS) That lying, rail-splitting,  
theater-going freak!

Homer looks down into the pit.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, there's something else  
down there!

He **BANGS** the shovel into the pit. We hear a **CLANG**, then  
water **SPURTS** out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It must be James K. Polk's fountain of  
youth!

MARGE

It's a water pipe.

HOMER

(DANCING AROUND) I'm young again!

Yippy skippy! Olly olly oxen free!

We see two GUARDS watching Homer frolic in the dirty water.

GUARD

The Carters were worse.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Lisa and her advisors are meeting with an angry delegation  
from America's foreign lenders.

LISA

The United States takes its debts to your countries very seriously. And we are prepared, over time, to cut our consumption to 98% of the World's GNP.

FRENCH DELEGATE

Absurdément! France demands payment!  
Right-now-ment!

GERMAN DELEGATE

Germany and Japan have developed a two-pronged foreclosure plan...

RUSSIAN DELEGATE

Give us our money or we will invade it out of you.

Lisa looks worried.

BART (O.S.)

You guys should relax. You'll live longer.

Bart and Ralph enter the room.

LISA

(TO SELF) Oh, God. (PULLS BART ASIDE)  
Bart, please go away.

BART

You're meeting with debt collectors and you don't want my help? Do you know how crazy that is?

Bart turns to the delegation.

BART (CONT'D)

You see guys, the thing is, we have the money -- that's a given. But we thought the meeting was next week. I guess Ralph got mixed up by that European day-then-month thing.

Ralph nods blankly. The delegates look confused.

BART (CONT'D)

We tried to call you all day Saturday...

GERMAN DELEGATE

(SKEPTICAL) We were there Saturday.

BART

(BACKPEDALLING) Oh, I know. And I left a message with some guy named Hans.

GERMAN DELEGATE

(PUZZLED) Hans?

BART

He might have been a temp. Very surly. Very "I'm not gonna give them the message."

GERMAN DELEGATE

(AGREEING NOISE) We have had a lot of turnover.

FRENCH DELEGATE

Well, what about France?



BART

Same thing. Except I think his name was Jacques or something.

CHINESE DELEGATE

You pay now!

BART

What happened to you, China? (SHAKES HEAD) You used to be cool.

CHINESE DELEGATE

(DEFENSIVELY) China is still cool. You pay later!

RUSSIAN DELEGATE

If China is cool, Russia is cool, too. We will give you a year.

BART

Germany, you want in? Going... going...

GERMAN DELEGATE

(EAGER) Ja! Ja! We'll let you slide.

BART

Solid. Thanks for comin'.

He ushers them toward the door, then opens his wallet with a **LOUD VELCRO** sound.

BART (CONT'D)

Here's some drink tickets for Southwest Airlines.

They **EAGERLY** take the tickets and exit. Bart turns to Lisa and gives her a thumbs up.

LISA

(AMAZED)    They bought it!    Bart, what  
can I do to thank you?

BART

(MEANINGFULLY)    Legalize it.

LISA

Legalize what?    (OFF BART'S LOOK)    Oh.  
Consider it done.

BART

Tasty.    That calls for some tuneskis.

Bart presses the play button on his boombox.    We hear a  
little bit of Jimmy Buffet-type **MUSIC**, then the tape **SNARLS**  
and **SPOOLS** out of the boombox.

BART (CONT'D)

Great.    Anyone have a paper clip?

**INT. INDIAN CASINO - HOTEL - PRESENT DAY**

Bart and the Casino Manager look up from the fire.

CASINO MANGER

It gets hazy after that.

BART

Why did a vision of my future include a  
story about Homer and Lincoln's gold?

CASINO MANAGER

I guess the spirits thought the "A"  
vision was a little thin.    The point  
is, you still have the power to change  
your future.

BART

Why would I want to change my future?  
I save the country... drive a moped...  
The only thing I'd want different is  
for me and Ralph to have a pool table.

CASINO MANAGER

To achieve that destiny, you must  
simply jump and touch the ceiling three  
times.

Bart **JUMPS** and **TOUCHES** the ceiling twice, then:

BART

Ah, screw it.

FADE OUT:

THE END